

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper, and particularly careful to give names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

How Persimmons Took Care of Baby.

Persimmons was a colored lad
"Way down in Louisiana,
And all the teaching that he had
Was given him by his granny.
But he did his duty ever
As well as you, it may be;
With faithful and pride always,
He minded his baby.

He loved the counsel of the saints,
And, sometimes, those of sinners,
To run off "jossin-hunting" dimmers,
Steal "water-melon" dimmers,
And fervently at meatin', too,
On every Sunday mornin',

He'd with the elders shout and pray
By the pine-knots' fading light,
And sing their ruder melodies,
With voice so full and strong,
You could almost think he learned them
From the angels' triumph song.

SONG.

"We be nearer to de Lord
Dan de white folks; and dey knows it;
See de glory-gate unbarred—
Walk in, darlings, fast de guard—
Bet your dollar He won't cuse it."

"Walk in, darlings, troo de gate,
Hear de knicker angel boister;
Go 'way, white folks, you're too late,
We'd de wainin' keller. Wait
Till de trumpet blow to follow."

He would croon this over softly
As he lay out in de sun;
But the song he heard most often—
His granny's favorite one—
Was, "Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick about de do, do,
Get up off dat do, do,
Come leah and mind de baby."

One night there came a fearful storm,
Almost a second flood;
The river rose, a torrent swell'd
Of beaten, yellow mud.
It bit at its embankments,
And lapped them down in foam,
Till, strutting through a wide crevasse,
They scalded the high verandah.

Till floating chairs and tables
Cashed against the chandeliers,
"I was (then Persimmons' granny,
Stout of arm and terror-proof,
By means of ax and lever,
Pried up the verandah roof;
Bound mattresses upon it
With stoutest cords of rope,

Laid out her furniture inside,
Saying, "Honey, dar as hope!
You, Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick on dat raft,
Don't star' like a calf,
But take good care de baby!"

The frothing river lifted them
Out on its turbid tide,
And for awhile they floated on
Together, side by side;
Till broken by the current's roar,
The frail raft split in two,
And Persimmons saw his granny
Fast falling from his view.

The deck-hands on a steambot
Heard, as they passed in haste,
A child's voice shouting in the dark,
Upon the water's waste,
A song of faith and triumph,
Of Moses and the Lord,
And throwing out a coil of rope,
They drew him safe on board.

Full many a stranger city
Persimmons wandered through,
"A-toun on de baby," and
Singing songs he knew,
At length some City Fathers
Objected to his plan,
Arguing as a vagrant,
Our valiant little man.

They carried out their purposes,
Persimmons "howled he'd spite 'em,"
So, slipping from the station-house,
He stole baby from the "gyn,"
And on that very afternoon,
As it was growing dark,
He sang, beside the fountain in
The crowded city park.

A rude camp-meeting anthem,
Which he had sung before,
While on his granny's fragile raft
He drifted from the shore.

SONG.

"Moses smote de water, and
De sea gae away;
De children dey passed ober, for
De sea gae away,
O Lord! I feel so glad,
It am always dark 'fo' day
So, honey, don't yer be sad,
De sea'll gae away."

A lady, dressed in mourning,
Turned with a sudden start,
Gave one glance at the baby,
Then caught it to her heart;
While a substantial shadow,
That was waiting by her side,
Seized Persimmons by the shoulder,
And, while she shook him, cried:

"I'm Jawge Washington,
Thomas Jefferson,
Persimmons, Henry Clay, be
Quick, explain yerself, darner—
Stop dat ar fool smile—
Whur you done been wid baby?"

—St. Nicholas.

All About Blind Man's Buff.

All of our young readers like to play blind man's buff, when they can; and so do many of the older readers, for that matter. But everyone may not know that the game is more than eight hundred years old, and that it was a favorite amusement of gay courts and merry-making princes and princesses before it became the holiday pastime of boys and girls. Blind man's buff is one of the sports that came over to England in the train of William the Conqueror.

It had its origin in Liege, one of the fair provinces of France, in the prosperous days of Robert the Devout, who succeeded the famous old French monarch, Hugues Capet, in the year 995.

In the year 999, Liege received, among her valiant chiefs, one Jean Colin. He was almost a giant in strength, a Samson among the Liegeois, and nearly shared the experience of Samson of old, as you shall presently hear. This grim warrior used to crush his opponents with a mallet. It was considered desirable to honor him with a title which should follow his name. What should it be? Not "head-hitter," of course; but the poetical designation, *Maillard*, or Jean Colin of the Mallet.

Fends were of perpetual occurrence in those dark old times, and Jean Colin's mallet was kept constantly busy in quelling them. Terrible became the name of Jean Colin Maillard.

But Liege had another valiant chief, Count de Louvain, who, when Maillard had proved himself superior to all of his other opponents, continued to bear arms against him.

We cannot say whether or not Count de Louvain learned his war lessons from the conduct of the enemies of Samson, but as he was ambitious to avoid the tap of Jean Colin's mallet upon his own head, he formed the plan of putting out Jean Colin's eyes.

A great battle was fought between the two chiefs and their forces. At the very first onset Count de Louvain succeeded in his purpose of piercing both the eyes of Maillard, and he looked upon the field as already won. But the latter, with a spirit like that of blind Samson, determined that his opponents

should perish with him, and ordered his esquire to take him into the thickest of the fight. There he brandished his mallet on either hand, and did such fearful execution that his enemies fled around him in such numbers that victory soon declared itself on his side.

"But, Samson-like, though blind, he dealt such blows as never felled a foe; To him they were, were in vain; This way they fled, and that they run; But, of an hundred men, not one Knew saw the light again."

Robert the Devout, of France, whose troubles with his wives you may have read in history, was very fond of deeds of valor, and that of Jean Colin Maillard kindled his admiration. He lavished honors on the victorious blind man, and ordered the stage-players to bring out a pantomime of his contest with Count de Louvain for the pleasure of the court. The court was delighted with the play, for the terrible mallet of Maillard, and the warriors dropping down here and there, almost without knowing what had hit them, was all very exciting; and people in that rude age liked what was sensational even more than they do now.

The children began to act a similar play in the streets, one of the players, more strong and active than the rest, being blindfolded and given a stick; and thus blind man's buff soon became the popular diversion in France and Normandy, where it was known under the name of *Colin Maillard*. This name it still bears in France and on the continent of Europe.

"The king repeated oft the play;
The children followed, day by day,
In merriment, as rough,
And to this time do sportive feet
Young Robert's pantomime repeat—
The play of *Blind Man's Buff*."
—St. Nicholas for May.

How We Are United.

Little Daughter—"I wish the rivers would rise."
Father—"Why, what have you to do with the river's rising?"

Little Daughter—"A great deal, father, for then the boats will run."
Father—"And what have you to do with the boats' running, my child, eh?"

Little Daughter—"They would bring the cotton down, father."
Father (looking over his spectacles)—"And what have you to do, darling, with cotton bales?"

Little Daughter—"Why, if the cotton was down you will be able to sell it, you know, dear father," smilingly.

Father—"And what then?"
Little Daughter—"You would have plenty of money."

Father—"Well?"
Little Daughter (laying her hand on his shoulder and looking up in his face)—"Then you could pay mother that \$20 gold piece you borrowed from her, you know, father."

Father—"What then, child?"
Little Daughter—"Then mother could pay Aunt Sarah the \$10 she owes her."

Father—"Aye, indeed; and what then?"
Little Daughter—"And Aunt Sarah would pay Sister Jane the \$1 she promised to give her New Year's, but didn't, because she didn't have any cotton—any money, I mean, father."

Father—"Well, and what else?"
(He lays down the newspaper and looks at her cautiously, with a half smile.)

Little Daughter—"Sister Jane would pay Brother John his fifty cents back, and he said when he got it he would give me the half dime he owes me, and two dimes to buy marbles; and that is what I want the river to rise for and the big boats to run! And I owe nurse the other dime, and I must pay my debts!"

Pa looked at ma. "There it is," he said. "We are all, big and little, like a row of bricks. Touch one, and away we all go, even down to our little Carrie here. She has, as a child, as great an interest in the rise of the river as I have. We are all, old and young, waiting for money to buy marbles."

A good lesson for debtor and creditor, too, and well enforced.—*New Orleans Christian Advocate*.

The Willful Lie.

When Henry B. was about 12 years old he worked a few weeks in a cotton factory. Every morning, after bidding mother, little sister, and brother, as well as his favorite "Chip," "good-by," he would trudge, with dinner-pail in hand, to his work.

Chip was a little dog which a gentleman had given Henry; and he was a sprightly little creature, very fond of his young master, who loved him in return. Indeed, it seemed hard for them to be separated for a day.

In the room with Henry worked a young man called Fred, who was 18 years old, and who appeared to like Henry. One day, when Fred had been out riding, he went to Henry on his return and told him that, as he was passing his mother's house, Chip ran out, barking at his horse, and, running under the carriage, the wheels went over him and killed him. "I am sorry," said Fred, "but could not help it."

How badly Harry felt! His favorite Chip dead! Being a truthful boy himself, he never doubted Fred's story.

When he sat down to eat his dinner the thought of his poor Chip almost choked him; it seemed that he could not swallow a mouthful. How long the afternoon was! and how he dreaded going home! No little dog to greet him as usual.

Boys, refrain from lying. It is mean, cowardly, and an awful sin in the sight of God, to lie.

Chip lived to comfort his little master, who is now a respectable young man, and a comfort to his parents and friends.—*Young Pilgrim*.

A Clean Apron.

A lady wanted a trusty little maid to come and help her take care of a baby. Nobody could recommend one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of girl. One day she was passing through a by-lane, and saw a little girl, with a clean apron, holding a baby in the doorway of a small house. "That is the maid for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked for her mother.

"Mother has gone out to work," answered the girl; "father is dead, and now mother has to do everything."

"Should you not like to come and live with me?" asked the lady. "I should like to help mother somehow," said the

little maid. The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the girl, went to see her mother after she came home; and the end of it was, the lady took the maid to live with her, and she found—what indeed she expected to find—that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits; she was no friend to dirt; but everything she had to do with was folded up and put away and kept carefully. The lady finds great comfort in her, and helps her mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says "Sally's recommendation was her clean apron;" and who will say it was not a good one?—*New York Observer*.

Kites.

It is a great art to make a good kite. It should be shaped evenly so as to balance well. The sticks should be just strong enough for the size of the kite, without being too heavy. The paper should be of proper strength and lightness. The four cords that start from the four corners should be gathered into one and attached at just the right point to the holding cord so as to insure its proper angle against the wind. And, above all (or rather, below all), the tail should be long enough and heavy enough to balance the teetery object in the air, and make it sail like a thing of life. A tail too heavy or too light for its length, or too short for its weight, will never please, is sure to make trouble in kite-flying. Now, boys, whenever your kite dops and "don't go," you may be sure that she is wrong in one or more of the above-mentioned points.

Locusts.

While an army was laboriously marching through a defile, men and horses were suddenly brought to a halt, a swarm of locusts being precipitated from a thick cloud which intercepted the light of the sun. The coming of the locusts was heralded by a whizzing sound like that which precedes a storm of wind, and the noise of their wings and of their bodies as they dash together was greater than the roar of breakers on the seashore.

In Algeria was once seen a cloud of locusts from twenty to twenty-five miles in length, which, when it descended to the earth, formed a layer over an inch in thickness. Toward the close of the year 1884, the cotton plantations of Senegal were destroyed, and a living cloud was seen to pass over the country from morning till night; the rate at which it moved showed that it was about fifty miles long, and this was only the vanguard; for when the sun went down a still denser cloud was moving on. An English traveler states that in South Africa, in the year 1797, these insects covered the ground to the extent of two square miles, and that, having been driven by the wind toward the sea, they formed a drift near the coast nearly four feet in depth, and fifty miles long. After the wind changed, the stench of their putrefying carcasses was recognized at the distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

Lace-Making.

The manufacture of Valenciennes lace is an extremely difficult kind of work, requiring a very long apprenticeship, and wholly absorbing to the women engaged in it; while the payment is so small that the industrious population of the north of France find means to employ themselves more advantageously. It requires many months, sometimes even a year, to weave a piece of three French yards; and as the lace-maker cannot afford to wait for her wages during so long a period, it is customary for the employers to pay when the third is finished, as well as to find the thread; by which arrangement he is sometimes the loser. Thus, there are but three lace-makers left in Valenciennes; one, who makes the old and real kind, earns about a shilling a day; the other two, fabricating the sort of lace which is imitated in Belgium, receive fifteen pence for a day of twelve hours. Arras is a center for a large manufacture of common lace, but the women are in general poor and ignorant. Lace is one of the few victories of handicraft over machine work, so far nothing but a very inferior imitation having been produced. Real lace, therefore, is both valuable and rare.

Gen. Washington in a Fight.

A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently arrived, were strolling about the camp. Their half Indian equipments, and fringed and ruffled hunting garbs, provoked the merriment of some troops from Marblehead, chiefly fishermen and sailors, who thought nothing equal to the round-jacket and trousers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snow balls began to fly when jokes were wanting. The parties waxed warm with the contest. They closed and came to blows. Both parties were re-enforced, and in a little while at least a thousand were at it. At this juncture Washington made his appearance. He threw the bride of his horse into his servant's hands, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melee, seized two tall, brawny riflemen by the throat, talking to and shaking them. As they were from his own province, he may have felt peculiarly responsible for their good conduct. His appearance and strong-handed rebuke put an instant end to the tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.—*Methodist*.

A Georgia School-Teacher.

A Georgia letter in the *New York Sun* says: "Col. D. B. Graham, of Temperance, Telfair county, in this State, is probably the most remarkable school-teacher in the world. He was admitted to the bar as a lawyer in 1832. Soon after he was stricken down with acute rheumatism. He then became paralyzed, his whole body being helpless except his hands and arms up to the elbows. For a long time he has taught school while lying on his back. His school is in a flourishing condition and he is making money. Many distinguished persons have graduated from Col. Graham's school. The Colonel was never married. He is about 64 years old."

Ways of Carrying Babies.

In the Vienna Exposition were a number of models illustrating the style in which women of different nations carry their babies.

The Asiatic Indian woman carries hers in a blanket hanging in front some what below the waist; the Bengalee woman, with the child astride low down upon her left hip, and her left arm supporting its back. The figure seems quite indifferent as to the difficulties in this style of carrying, which must be a highly artistic performance if done so cleverly in reality.

The Egyptian woman carries hers in a stately manner, the child sitting astride her shoulder with its hands upon her head, and without any clothing to speak of.

The Brazilian woman carries hers in a somewhat similar manner, also in full undress, it sitting astride her neck.

The Chinese baby is carried upright upon the back, in a blanket, and the South African in a bag in front, formed by a blanket round the hips of the mother.

The Lower Australian woman carries hers by swinging it in a blanket over one shoulder upon her back, while the Northern Australian woman carries hers bound upon a board, after the style of candy-models in confectionery stores.

The Lapland baby is carried in a sledge-shaped cot, made of leather. It seems to have been chucked in feet foremost, and then a frame tied over the opening for its face, whether to prevent it from crawling out or to keep the dogs from kissing it, is more than can be imagined.

The most unique style of all is that of the Esquimaux woman, who wears wide, high-top boots, and puts the baby, right-end foremost, down in the outside of one of them, and doubtless, according to Dr. Kane's description of her style, carrying her cooking and eating utensils in the other.

The North American woman carries her papoose strapped to a board, and that strapped upon her back by a band over the forehead.

Are We a Good-Looking People?

We begin to think we are. Robert Dale Owen, in his reminiscences, recently published, says he saw more handsome women in New York or Boston in five weeks than he saw in Italy in as many years. And now comes Kate Field—and women are better, though severer, judges of this matter than men—who declares that there are more Greek heads in the United States than in Greece, adding: "The purest classical profile known to me is that of a New England woman." The same writer recently asserted that the ill-health of American women was owing, generally, to mismanagement in the way of diet and habits, and that when true to themselves they hold out better than the English women, besides having a better capital of good looks to begin with.

Being at the time among the fox-hunters of England, she was surprised at the vigor of the septuagenarian idlers. But recently in New York honors were deservedly paid to the living Peter Cooper, on the occasion of reaching his eighty-third birthday. If he had been a fox-hunting English squire or an M. P., the whole world would have been called upon to admire the spectacle. But there were a great many such fine old fellows scattered about in this country. What has this to do with good looks? A vast deal; beauty is symmetry, and a good organization is a good condition, and to be anything more than an incident of youth—a phosphorescent light playing over decay—it must be to the accompaniment of sound health, leading to longevity. There is no reason why, with the spread of intelligence, this should not be on the increase in this country, thus enhancing the good looks of the people, in which we believe, particularly the women, have been endowed by nature as abundantly as any other.—*Boston Journal*.

Thousandth Anniversary.

It will be just a thousand years ago this summer since a fierce Viking from Norway, sailing to and fro according to his habit in search of new worlds in which to steal and kill, ran aground upon a mass of volcanic mountains, rising out of the misty confines of the Arctic Sea, and wrapped in the unbroken snows and scoria of ages, while sulphurous flames and boiling fountains burst from the plains below. The Viking called it Iceland, and Harold the Fair-haired became proprietor thereof; and it certainly speaks very little for the comfort or domestic advantages of that picturesque state of society sung by sages and by seers, in which fair-haired Vikings played such an active part, to know that a brisk emigration at once set in from Norway to this desolate beach, which Nature had apparently thrown away for fire and frost to destroy. The descendants of these yet settlers yet people the island, and propose to celebrate in a few weeks the thousandth anniversary of that far-off day which made them inheritors of its sulphur, seals and lava. The details of the celebration are not yet resolved upon, but we, their American neighbors, are expected to join in some sort of way, and that with the more heartiness because the return of the island to her ancient rights of self-government is also to be made a subject for rejoicing.—*New York Tribune*.

ABSENCE GREEN.—To tell all the delirious effects of arsenic would fill a volume. Scheele's green, Schweinfurth or emerald green, and Paris green, are the three disguises under which it hides itself, and these are employed to a greater or less extent in several branches of industry. The leaves of artificial flowers, dress fabrics, carpets, even delicately tinted sugar-plums, and the toys which baby thrusts into its little mouth, are colored with these substances; in short, wherever green is seen in artificial products a strong suspicion of arsenic is justifiable. But the largest use of the poison is in the manufacture of paper-hangings of various shades of green, gray and mauve, which commonly contain from five to thirty grains of arsenic to the square foot. It is hardly necessary to say that the occupants of rooms thus papered daily imperil health and even life. Too much care cannot be exercised to prevent the perils arising from this source.

Josh Billings' Proverbs.

If we could look down into the hearts of the best men, we should probably see more to astonish than delight us. There is no such thing as disguising our passions—like bile water, they all show on the surface.

Sum men pay their debts by driving them out of their memory.

Ambishun haz but one limit this side of the grave, and that iz fear.

True grateness konsists in allwuss appearing above our fortune, be the same hi or low.

Philosophy iz a kind of severe sentinal, who locks up the heart and throws away the key.

An agitator iz generally one ov more recklessness than ambishun, and more vanity than either.

We seldom do the best we kan—not bekauze we kant, but bekauze we wont.

Fride seems to be pretty equally divided. I have seen just az much pride in a stage driver and dancing master az I have ever seen in a newly elected member to the Legialatur.

Good luk makes a wize man karaphull, but a phool it makes careless.

Everybody givs advice, but no one seems to follow it.

You kant meazzure out happiness for others enny more than you kant meazzure out their whisky—sum want a pint for a dram, while others kant git along with a good deal less.

Electric Butter.

The Washington *Chronicle* gives an account of the exhibition of the wonderful power of a "lightning churn," at the residence of the Commissioner of Patents, when a large company of ladies and gentlemen were present to witness a pint of milk converted into a pound of butter in less than one minute. It is the general opinion that the butter is made "to come," in this singular manner, by a galvanic current produced by the warm water, salt and salt-petre placed within an outer metallic cylinder which incloses the one in which the milk is placed.

The inventor says the peculiar composition and preparation of the metal used in the several cylinders of the churn are secrets which will not be made public. It is claimed that practically working, five pounds of butter can be made out of a gallon of milk; yet as high as seven pounds and three-quarters have been made out of one gallon of pure milk, fresh from the cow. Some objection has been urged against calling the product so obtained butter. It appears to be the result of granulation of all the nutritious particles of the milk in a mass, resembling, in all respects, ordinary butter, from which it cannot be distinguished. It can be manufactured at a cost of about five cents a pound. The inventor has been invited to churn before the President.

Russia.

In Russia a divorce is almost impossible. Prisons are few. Capital punishment is unknown, except for attempts on the Emperor's life. All convicts are sent to Siberia, the worst to work in the mines and the others on land. Their families can go with them if they like, so that country is now full of pretty good people of this kind. This nation is growing rapidly in all the directions of national greatness. Education is being pushed slowly but steadily.

Most of the people I see can already read and write. But the rich being so rich and the poor so very poor makes progress very slow. The police regulations are perfect, though the people drive through the streets as fast as ever they can go. Those on foot have no rights which the carriages are bound to respect.—*St. Petersburg Letter*.

HORSE-HAIR WORM.—The history of the fresh-water gordius—the "horse-hair" worm—is very curious. It is named from an ancient superstition growing out of its resemblance to a hair, and leading to the idea that a single horse hair may be transformed into a worm. This worm lays about 8,000,000 eggs, and did all their eggs come to maturity, our brooks and ponds would be full of them. As with the delicate eggs of many of the lower animals, comparatively few of those which are laid survive, and these animals are very rare. They are hatched in the water from eggs, but after a time they leave the water; go on wet days into the grass; creep along the legs of torpid grasshoppers; enter their abdominal cavities and undergo further transformation as parasitic worms. From this living prison they then escape, return to the water, and their varied existence as the long, thread-like worms which have been mistaken for living and moving hairs.

JENIUS.—Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice of England, has undertaken to find out the author of "Junius." It is said that even during the late great trial of Arthur Orton, he snatched many hours to study the subject at the British Museum. A London paper remarks that the secret of "Junius" has never yet been examined by a first-rate judicial intellect, and that if anybody can clear it up it is the Lord Chief Justice. "One of the most accomplished men of the day, as well as one of the greatest judges, he is richly equipped both with the requisite knowledge and the power of weighing evidence."

THE SOUTHERN STATES have planted a greater variety of crops this year than heretofore; but as a larger area has been brought under cultivation, the aggregate cotton planting may be fairly supposed to be, at least, equal in extent to that of last year. Rice will be sown largely in excess of former years. In Louisiana the prospects of the sugar-cane are most gratifying. In Georgia a great deal more oats, wheat and corn have been sown than ever before.

GOON TALKERS are becoming rare nowadays, but are occasionally to be met with. Of one whose conversation is very entertaining, but rather disconnected, a lady once remarked: "Oh, yes, he's very clever, but he talks like a book in which there are leaves occasionally missing."

ONE-FOURTH of the members of Congress have signed the total abstinence pledge.

PENNSYLVANIA has over 150 Postmistresses.

WATER.

A Song for the Times.

Hurrah! for the cup of cold water,
The best of all tonics for me;
Hurrah! for the beautiful water,
Sparkling child of the sea!
Hurrah! for water, cold water!
Hurrah! for its magical worth;
The greatest of all our great blessings,
The glorious gift of earth!

We gaze on the mightiest rivers,
On the cataract, ocean, and stream;
Grand volumes of billowy waters
Around us forever are seen.
No end to their onward progression
Through meadow and valley and hill;
Up and down the gay face of Nature
They ripple and flow as they will.

The well, the brook, and the fountain,
Or the drops that unceasingly run
Down the bare arm of the mountain,
A glistening shield in the sun;
Or the latest jar in the shadows
The traveler meets on his way,
Where he kneels and drinks deep of the nectar
And is strong for the toils of the day.

Oh, wonderful, wonderful water!
We thank the good Lord for his love—
A forest of the "Rivers of Water"
That flow round the white throne above!
It never brings pain or distress,
Or drives away peace from the breast;
It never turns men into demons,
While the Devil runs off with the rest.

Then three cheers with a will for cold water!
As slaves we never can be;
We'll stand 'neath a temperance banner,
And prove independent and free!

Pith and Point.

A good floor manager—A broom.

Thir Burns club—Cremationists.

CHILDREN are actually saw-makers—they cut teeth.

THE gait of a fast age—Investigate.

COMFORTABLE quarters—Silver twenty-five-cent pieces.

SPINSTER CITY is one of the oldest made towns in Missouri.

THE most steadfast followers of our fortunes—Our creditors.

A FIRST-RATE axiom—A man should always grind his own axes.

AN early spring—Jumping out of bed at 5 o'clock in the morning.

A THIRSTY one wants to know if they drink stock ale at the broker's board.

JINKS says it is a peculiar fact that all blackberries are red when they are green.

THE weather is not yet sufficiently warm to alleviate the distress of early rising.

IN pocket-picking, as in everything else, a man never succeeds until he gets his hand in.

MOST men like to see themselves in print. Ladies like to see